

# THE MADISON WHIG ADVOCATE.

BY G. E. W. NELSON & Co.

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## Woman's Love.

'Tis woman's love—a precious gem—  
A peerless orb of light,  
Where pleasure's brightest prospects grow,  
Which sorrow cannot blight.

It darts a ray of cheering light  
Through man's benighted soul,  
And brings a sweet enchanting spell  
That never can be told.

'Tis woman's mild and artless love,  
That lends to life its charm;  
It makes this world a Paradise,  
Where sorrow ne'er can harm.

Man's brightest hopes may all be lost,  
Dispair may seize his breast,  
But woman's smiles can calm the storm,  
And bid his passions rest.

They're richer than the precious dust  
On Peru's golden shore,  
Egypt with all her costly pearls,  
Or India's glittering store.

'Tis when the dark and angry cloud  
Of trouble hangs around,  
The guardian angel of man's hopes,  
In woman's love is found.

Dreary indeed would be the path  
Allotted to mankind,  
If he, on beauty's lovely face,  
No smile could ever find.

But it is like the fiery cloud  
To Israel's wandering band,  
It shows his weary feet the way  
To pleasure's promised land.

## Morning Call of Mr. Slick.

A COQUETTE'S DRESSING ROOM.

Wal, early next morning, I got up and

put on my new clothes agin, and sot a

fore the fire, thinking of eneamost every

thing on arth, till the clock struck

nine; then I jist slicked down my hair a

little, and pulled foot up Broadway agin.

I kinder expected every minute that I

should meet Miss Miles, as I did yester-

day; but somehow there didn't seem to

be any body a stirring. There warn't a

single one of the whiskered chaps in

sight, and all the wimmin folks that I

could see, up or down, seemed to have on

nothing but their every day clothes. I

saw two or three late home-spun, modest

looking young critters, but they warn't

dressed up, and some on 'em were car-

rying bandboxes and such things afore

me. Once I got all-fired wrothy, for a

nigger woman stood out on the side-walk

with a great long brush in her hand, a

scrubbin the winders of a big house with

it, and jist as I come along, she give the

brush a flourish and sent a loud thunder

shower of dirty water all over my new

clothes. "You eternal black nigger you!"

—you'd better look out, and keep your

soap suds for them that wants washin'."

sez I. But she hee-d out a laffin, and I

began to brush away agin jist as if I

hadn't said a word to her. "Think" sez I,

"it wouldn't be jist the thing for any

body to see me a jawin here with a nigger

wench, so I may as well grin and bear

it, for I don't know of any thing that

proves a feller a little soft in the garret,

so much as keeping up a quarrel with a

person that is so much beneath them that

there ain't nothin to be gained, though

you do git the upper hand." So I jist

took up and took out my handkerchief,

and wiped off my coat sleeves, and went

along; but it warn't no easy matter to

navigate so as not to get second ducking,

for every nigger in York seemed to be

out a washing winders. I come near

slipping up, two or three times, the stuns

were so wet afore all the houses. I can

tell you what, this going to make morn-

ing calls ain't no joke, especially if a fel-

low happens to be dressed up. The niggers

will sponge his coat for him if the

taylor forgot to, without charging him for

the trouble.

Jist afore I got up to the great four

story house where Miss Miles lives, I began

to feel a sort of anxious agin. "Think,"

sez I, "what on arth shall I say to her

when I get there?" So I kept a thinking

over a nice little speech that I meant to

trousers puffed in at the waistbands.—

This kinder made my mind easy on that

point; so I went on thinking what I should

say to Miss Miles when I got up to her

house. Now it aint no ways hard to

make first rate speeches up in a feller's

head, when he's going to see a gal that

he's beginning to make a shine arter; but

some how, the worst of it all is, a chap

always forgets every word on it when he

comes where the gal is.

I begun to grow awful uneasy jist a-

fore I got to the house, and my heart sot

to beat in my bosom like a pessel in an

old fashioned sump mortar. It seemed

to me as if some body was looking arter

me and as if they knew I was going

in broad day light, which was enough

to make any decent chap look foolish that

never thought of making up to the gals

only on a Sunday night arter dark, when

these things seem to come nat'ral. Wal,

when I got agin the house, I took a squint

up the winders, for I thought mebbe Miss

Miles would be a lookin out, but there

warn't nobody to be seen, so I went up

the white marble steps that looked as

white as snow with a great chunk of mar-

ble a curling down each side on 'em, and

there I stood stock still, for my heart

floundered about so that it eneamost ch-

oked me, and if I'd been hung I couldn't

a got pluck to pull the silver knob and

make somebody come and let me in; for

all the York people keep their doors fast

in the day time, so that if a feller

in ever so much of a hurry, he's got to

stand out doors till a nigger comes to let

him in.

By-am-by a black gal stuck her head

up from under the steps as if she was go-

ing to speak, so I turned my back to the

door and stuck both hands in my pockets

and began to whistle, as independent as

could be, jist to let her see that I didn't

feel anxious to get in. Arter I went

down to the step agin, jist givin a leetle

touch of Yankee Doodle as I walked up

and down on the stun walk afore the

house, a tryin to git up courage. At last

a gal cum to the door with a tin basin in

her hands and begun to scour the silver

knobs, so I jist went rite up the steps agin

like a house-a-fire, and sez I to the gal:

"Is Miss Miles in hum?"

She kinder started at me, as if she was

going to ask what I wanted, but I warn't

going to stand there a talking to her, so

I jist pushed ahead and went into the

entry way. There warn't no body there,

but one of the mahogany doors that o-

pened on the side, was open and I went

in. If any thing the two great rooms

was more handsome than them at cousin

Belcher's; the foot-stools and the settees

and the chairs were all kivered with shi-

ny red velvet figured off like all nater,

but they stood about all over the carpet

every which way, two or three little stun

tables stood out in the middle of the

room, one on 'em was kivered with decan-

ter and wine glasses, and some of the

books lay all kivered with gold, a glitter-

ing and shining on the carpet. The grates

were all lined with solid silver, but there

warn't a spark of fire in either on 'em yet,

and the ashes all scattered over the

stun hearth as thick as could be. A part

of the great silk window curtains were

hitched up and the rest on 'em fell clear

down to the floor, over the winders till

the sunshine that came pouring through

them looked as light and red as a hun-

dred glasses full of current wine. Think

I, what on arth has become of all the

folks; one would think they hadn't eaten

breakfast yet; that couldn't be, for by

that time it was eneamost ten o'clock,

and any body that has the least idee of

gettin a livin won't wait arter six for his

breakfast.—Wal, arter wanderin about

the rooms a good while, I jist went into

the entry way agin.—By that time the

gal I'd seen at the door had got up on the

chair and was a hauling down a great

round glass thing which was hung by a

sort of chain up to the ruff of the entry.

When she seed me a comin out of the

two rooms, she yelled out as if she didn't

know that I was there afore.

"What do you want here," sez she, im-

pudent as could be.

"Hold your taral yop, you critter you,"

sez I, "and jist tell me where Miss Miles

is, I've come to make her a mornin call."

The gal seemed a little mortified by

that, and sez she, to a little stuck up

cafee boy that come up stairs jist at that

time; "here's a gentleman that would

come up."

I heard somebody give a lee-

tle scream, and with that I jist pushed

the nigger out of the way, and sez I,

"Miss Miles, how do you do."

I sniggers if I didn't raly pity the poor

gal, she looked so struck up in a heap;

but what on arth made her act so, I

couldn't at first tell, for I felt kinder

streaked as if I'd done somethin that

warnt exactly right, though I couldn't

think what, and it was as much as a minit

afore I looked right in her face. But jist

as I lifted up my head and drew my foot

ther, she stood jist afore me. By the living

hoky, for I never was so struck up in a

heap afore. You know what I've told

you about Miss Miles, about her plump

round form, her red lips and her rosy

cheeks. Wal, I'll be darned if there was

one of them left—I shouldn't have known

her no more than nothing, if it hadn't

been for her eyes and the way she spoke.

Her neck and fored that always looked so

white and hansom when I seed her at

cousin Mary's, and in Broadway, was as

yaller as a saffron bag; there warn't the

least mite of red about her face, and her

hair was all frizzily, and done up in a

leetle bunch, about as big as a hen's egg

behind. She had on a great loose awk'ard

looking gown, that seemed to make her

look twice as chunky as she used to be,

and that looked more like a man's shirt

cut long, and ruffled round than any thing

else. It warn't any too close neither, and

both of her leetle shoes were down at

the heel. There I stood a lookin at her

with all the eyes in my head—my foot

was drawn up tight, and my arms were

hanging straight down, jist as the swung

back arter I made my bow. I kinder

seemed to feel my mouth open a leetle,

and that I was staring at her harder than

it was manners for me. But if you'd

give me the best farm in all Wethersfield

I couldn't have helped it, I was so struck

up in a heap at seein her in such a fix.

I guess it was as much as two minutes a-

fore either of us said a word; and at last

Miss Miles turned to the little nigger as

savage as a meat-ax, "Truly, why didn't

you show Mr. Slick into the drawing

room?"

"Oh, don't seem to mind it," sez I, a

walkin into the room, and settin down in

a chair, with my hat between my knees,

"I'd jist as lives set up here as any where."

She looked as if she'd burst out cryin,

but at last she seed me and tried to act

as if she was glad to see me. She begun to

make excuses about her dress and the

room, and said she wasn't very well that

morning, and that she'd jist took a new

coat, and sot down jist as she was to read

it.

"Oh," sez I, "don't make no excuse; it

aint the first time that I've ketch'd a gal

in such a fix. Marm used to say that she

never looked worse than common, that some

body wasn't sartin to drop in."

"Will you excuse me one minit, Mr.